Phantasmagoria, by Mark Gatiss

A Big Finish Productions Doctor Who Audio Drama, released Oct 1999

(transcriber's note - to get a feel for the characters of this opus, watch Black Adder the Third - Sense and Senility - especially the thespians played by Hugh Paddick and Kenneth Connor. Wrong reign I know, but....)

[Part One]

(Horses hooves, a bell ringing, sellers calling their wares, someone running.)
GAUNT: No, no.
(Loud noise filling the air.)
GAUNT: My God, no! Nooooo!
(Back to the street sounds.)

(Laughter.)
CARTERET: Ha! A four? A four says you're wrong, my buck. Go shoo the goose. Show me those cards. (cards put down) Oh.
JEAKE: Another game, Carteret?
CARTERET: Oh, very well. Very well, Jeake. All or nothing, eh, and devil take the hindmost.
JEAKE: Ah, poor Carteret. I knew that winning streak couldn't last. You were saying, Flower?
FLOWERS: Ah, it's the end of an era, I tell you. Doctors saw the King this morning, and a few moments after, fft, dead as a coffin nail.
JEAKE: Well, well, I never cared for the fellow, I must say. Liked the wife, the Queen, but as for him, a shade too, too
FLOWERS: Dutch?
JEAKE: Mmm, too Dutch. Still, God rest him, God rest him.
CARTERET: Who's to succeed?
JEAKE: Why, the Princess Anne, surely. Old King James' niece, though God knows we're well shot of him and his maggoty Jacobites.
FLOWERS: I hope the old troubles aren't stirred up again, Jeake. Will we have another war?
JEAKE: More chance of that than another round, I'd say. Where is that idiot Poltrot? Bring us more wine. What say you, Quincy, Edmund. Come aloft. The King is dead, God save Queen Anne.
FLOWERS: Aye. God save Queen Anne.
CARTERET: God save Queen Anne.

POLTROT: Ahem. Sir.
VALENTINE: Hmm?
POLTROT: Another glass, sir?
VALENTINE: Yes, another. Why not?
POLTROT: Very good, sir. Sir?
VALENTINE: What is it now, Poltrot?
POLTROT: I prithee pardon, sir. I wonder if you'd settle a dispute, sir.
VALENTINE: Well?
POLTROT: The lads downstairs, sir, they was a-wondering, seeing as how you always come here alone, sir, sitting here with your cards, sir, on your own, they was wondering what game you was at?
VALENTINE: What game? What game do I play? (chuckles) A long game, my friend. A very long game.

(In the Tardis.)
DOCTOR: So, got that?
TURLOUGH: I think so.
DOCTOR: Well?
TURLOUGH: The side of the wicket in front of the batsman, nearer to his bat than to his body,

is the off side.
DOCTOR: Good.
TURLOUGH: The side behind him, nearer to his body than his bat, is the leg side.
DOCTOR: Excellent.
TURLOUGH: Then
DOCTOR: Then?
TURLOUGH: Then it gets confusing.
DOCTOR: It's quite simple. On the off, behind the wicket and close to it are the slips. Behind them, third man.
TURLOUGH: Who's he?
DOCTOR: It's a position, like mid-off.
TURLOUGH: Silly.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no. Silly mid-off's different altogether.
TURLOUGH: I mean it's silly, the whole game. I can't think why you're so keen on it, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Well, you know, every man should have a hobby. Helps to while away eternity. So, where were we?
TURLOUGH: A Chinaman?
DOCTOR: No, third man. A Chinaman's an off break ball bowled by a left-hander at a right-handed batsman. Really, what did they teach you at that school of yours?
TURLOUGH: Oh, you know, useful things.
DOCTOR: Well, it's all in the Almanack. Here, have a read.
TURLOUGH: I'd rather eat. Anyway, we're landing.
DOCTOR: Read.
(Throws book.)

CARTERET: Enough! My pockets are not bottomless, Jasper Jeake.
JEAKE: But mine are full enough now.
FLOWERS: Ha, it is something like. I said your luck couldn't last forever.
CARTERET: It was not luck but skill, sir, that saw me win at these tables, and it is boredom, Master Flowers, that has thrown me off my game, sir. Aye, sir, boredom. I've had my fill of the Diabola Club.
JEAKE: You wouldn't say that if you'd won, Edmund.
CARTERET: I'm not joking, Jasper. I grow weary of these stale japes. Let me have adventure, risk, anything so long as it is out of the usual pattern.
JEAKE: Are we such dreary company then?
FLOWERS: I declare Mister Carteret has lately developed a rather high opinion of himself.
JEAKE: Bumble bee in the cow turd thinks himself king.
(Flowers and Jeake laugh.)
CARTERET: Fire and fury!
JEAKE: Oh, Edmund.
CARTERET: Goodnight, gentlemen.
JEAKE: Oh, Edmund, we were merely teasing.
FLOWERS: Let be. What vexed the fellow?

VALENTINE: No, sir. Stay a moment.
CARTERET: I fear I cannot, sir. I have not the stomach for further pleasure.
VALENTINE: I could not help but overhear you, Mister Carteret.
CARTERET: Indeed.
VALENTINE: You will, pray, forgive my rudeness, but I both respect and share your sentiments.
CARTERET: And do you offer a solution, sir? Or are you like these other fellows, as windy as a baggy sail.
VALENTINE: Pray be seated, Mister Carteret.
CARTERET: You have the advantage of me, sir.
VALENTINE: My name is Nikolas Valentine.
CARTERET: Valentine? (laughs)
VALENTINE: I amuse you?
CARTERET: Oh, forgive me, sir. Your reputation precedes you. *Sir* Nikolas, is it not?
VALENTINE: I was of some small service to the late King back in the eighties. What else do you know of me?

CARTERET: A scholar.
VALENTINE: Mmm.
CARTERET: Land owner.
VALENTINE: Mmm hmm.
CARTERET: Astrologer, and there are those who say you to be in league with the very Devil himself.
VALENTINE: And what say you, Mister Carteret?
CARTERET: I say, excellent company, Sir Nikolas. Come along, let's play.
(Riffles pack of cards.)
CARTERET: And the stake, Sir Nikolas?
(Valentine chuckles.)

HOLYWELL: Well, goodnight to you, Hannah.
HANNAH: Goodnight,sir. Am I to call you early tomorrow, sir?
HOLYWELL: I fear so, my dear. My tailor requests my presence. He's letting out me breeches again.
HANNAH: Oh, mercy, sir!
HOLYWELL: Oh, well, well, well. It's no tragedy to get a little more ample in the waist. I'll soon be able to let me breeches out meself, as a marquee for the coronation!
HANNAH: Oh, sir.
(Both laugh.)
HOLYWELL: Oh, dear. Well, goodnight, my dear.
HANNAH: Goodnight, Doctor Holywell.
(Footsteps up creaking stairs. The Tardis materialises and the door opens.)
TURLOUGH: Wisden's Almanack? Who is Wisden?
DOCTOR [OC]: I told you, it's all inside. Everything you'll ever need to know about the greatest game in the universe.
TURLOUGH: Except this edition was published in 1928.
DOCTOR: Was it? Oh. Oh well, once we've found out what year it is, I'll know whether we're out of date or not.
TURLOUGH: Hmm. Nice place.
DOCTOR: Hmm. English, I think. Town house, late seventeenth century. There's a lamp over there, Turlough. If you were to fetch it over here, we might be able to shed some light on this.
TURLOUGH: But you said it yourself. Seventeenth century English town house.
DOCTOR: Use your brain, Turlough. A seventeenth century English town house in the seventeenth century, or the eighteenth, or the twenty ninth? You never know, we could be in a museum.

(Street sounds.)
POLTROT: Oh. Prithee pardon, sir. Why, it's Mister Carteret, isn't it? Are you leaving us so early, sir?
CARTERET: What? Oh, it's you, Poltrot. Yes. Yes, I'm, I'm leaving.
POLTROT: Are you all right, sir? Mister Carteret?
(Footsteps stagger away.)

(A match is struck.)
DOCTOR: That's more like it.
TURLOUGH: Quite a collection. Antiques, paintings.
DOCTOR: Hmm. The ancestors, perhaps. They look about the right period. Oh, someone's been travelling. These look Roman. Ah, there's a shipping label. Doctor Samuel Holywell, Bread Street, Cheapside.
TURLOUGH: Doctor? Look at this.
(Riffles through papers.)
TURLOUGH: It's a newspaper, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Yes, or the nearest thing they had in those days. Sort of one page gossip column. Ah ha.
TURLOUGH: What is it?
DOCTOR: The King's just died. How very convenient.
TURLOUGH: Not for him.

DOCTOR: No, I suppose not, but very handy for us. King William, Prince of Orange.
TURLOUGH: And late of this parish. William, as in William and Mary, right?
DOCTOR: So they did teach you something at Brendon, eh?
TURLOUGH: I liked history.
DOCTOR: Well, now you can watch it happen. This paper's new.
TURLOUGH: New?
(Footsteps coming down stairs.)
DOCTOR: It's the eighth of March seventeen hundred and two.
HOLYWELL: Wounds! Who in God's name are you?

(Street sounds.)
POLTROT: You're leaving, Sir Nikolas?
VALENTINE: Yes, Poltrot.
POLTROT: A chair then, sir?
VALENTINE: What you will, what you will.
POLTROT: Chair! Ho!
(Running feet approach.)
POLTROT: A good night at the table, Sir Nikolas?
VALENTINE: Oh, yes. Very profitable.
(Gets into sedan chair.)
VALENTINE: Poltrot.
POLTROT: Yes, sir?
VALENTINE: I er, heard tell that you were once a schoolmaster?
POLTROT: Ah, that I was, sir, until the love of ale played the merry Andrew with me senses.
VALENTINE: Hmm. Come to my table tomorrow. I may be of some assistance to you. Cheapside.
(Grunts and feet running off.)
POLTROT: Goodnight, sir. Thank you.
FLOWERS: Poltrot, have you seen Mister Carteret at all?
POLTROT: Why yes, sir, about half an hour back. Acting very queer, he was, sir.
FLOWERS: What do you mean?
POLTROT: Like he was in a kind of daze, sir. Bad night at the tables, eh?
FLOWERS: Eh? Nothing like that.
POLTROT: Perhaps Sir Nikolas could enlighten you, sir.
FLOWERS: Who?
POLTROT: Sir Nikolas Valentine, the gentleman who just left. He and Mister Carteret were playing at cards earlier, sir.
FLOWERS: Valentine. A new member?
POLTROT: Certainly, sir. And a gentleman of parts and fortune, I gather. Only newly arrived in town, but he's made quite an impression, I can tell you.
FLOWERS: Has he now. Tell me more, Poltrot. Tell me more.

HOLYWELL: At this hour? Do you play the knave with me, sir? Why would you be delivering a box at this hour?
DOCTOR: Well, that's just the thing, you see. We were told it couldn't wait. That an antiquarian such as yourself would want to set eyes on it before the night was out.
HOLYWELL: This is certainly an unusual thing. These words, Police Box.
DOCTOR: Yes, they told us at the depot it was something from the er, the
TURLOUGH: The new world?
DOCTOR: Yes, that's it.
HOLYWELL: But why me? Why send it to me?
DOCTOR: Well, who else? Who else but er (sotto) what's his name?
TURLOUGH: What?
DOCTOR: (sotto) What's his name? The name on the shipping tag.
TURLOUGH: (sotto) Oh, Holywell. Doctor Holywell.
DOCTOR: Who else but Doctor
TURLOUGH: Samuel.
DOCTOR: Doctor Samuel Holywell, the noted collector of all things er unusual.
HOLYWELL: Tis flattering, no doubt, but you say there is no clue as to the sender?
DOCTOR: No. We just brought it.

HOLYWELL: But how did you get it into my house? My maid mentioned nothing of this.
DOCTOR: The box has certain properties. That's what makes it so special.
TURLOUGH: You might as well tell him the truth, Doctor.
HOLYWELL: Doctor? You are also a Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh yes. Didn't I mention? Now you really have quite a collection here, Doctor Holywell. I wonder if you'd care to show me around?
HOLYWELL: No, no, no, I couldn't possibly. You still haven't answered my
DOCTOR: Lord, is that Tang dynasty?
HOLYWELL: Yes. You know something of porcelain?
DOCTOR: A little, I know. I'm only an amateur, of course, but how exquisite. Wei or Ming?
HOLYWELL: Oh, Ming. Yes, yes, Ming. Oh, how pleasant to meet a fellow collector.
DOCTOR: Isn't it. Tell me, Doctor Holywell, what other wonders do you have tucked away in here?
TURLOUGH: Well, while you're doing that, Doctor, I'll see if I can find us something to eat.
DOCTOR [OC]: Really. Blue, not white. How extraordinary.
TURLOUGH: Yes, you run along, Turlough. Don't mind me. Hmm. (reads) Princess Anne at the Cockpit Palace. King to be buried with beloved consort. Not exactly the News of the World, is it.
(Opens drawer.) What's this? Rite for the bewitching of an old woman? Spell for the creation of an orid creature? Communications with the dead and the several dangers contained therein? I think we'd better keep an eye on our host, Doctor. He might have more wonders tucked away than we bargained for.

(Door slides open and closed, possibly on a spaceship.)
MALE: Has there been a report?
FEMALE: Yes. A further section of the city has been covered.
MALE: Nothing?
FEMALE: Nothing. If he is there, he is well disguised.
MALE: No traces?
FEMALE: A complete scan has revealed nothing unexpected. This world is a primitive place.
MALE: One must hope our client doesn't object to such barbarism.
FEMALE: It was a voluntary operation. Besides, primitive places can be fun.

(In a carriage.)
JEAKE: Not so fast, man. You'll have us over.
CABBIE: Sorry, sir.
JEAKE: You were saying, Flowers?
FLOWERS: I said, Poltrot spoke of this new member. Perhaps he has some kind of hold over our friend Carteret.
JEAKE: Pshaw. Edmund's not the type.
FLOWERS: It was a rum thing, Carteret blowing up like that. Do you really think he's tired of us?
JEAKE: Carteret tired of Diabola? Ha! When hens make holy water. He's a gambler, my boy. It's in the blood. He'll be back at those tables before you can say
LOVEMORE [OC]: Stand!
(Horse neighs.)
LOVEMORE [OC]: Stand!
FLOWERS: God's my life, what's this?
(Door opens.)
LOVEMORE: God save you, sirs. A fine night.
JEAKE: What is the meaning of this outrage?
LOVEMORE: I prithee pardon, gentlemen, but I must make free with your purses.
FLOWERS: Impudent rogue. How dare you, sir, how dare you! A pretty pass we've come to when two fellows can't right the King's Highway unmolested.
LOVEMORE: The King is dead, sir, or hadn't you heard? Come. I don't have all night.
(Jingle of money in pouches.)
LOVEMORE: Gad, you're a fine pair for pickings, and no mistake. How'd you come by such gold?
JEAKE: We won it like honest men, sir, at the card tables. You might do well to follow our example.

LOVEMORE: (laughs) I shall bear it in mind. Now I must away, and don't try to follow me. I assure you, I can put a hole the size of a guinea through you from a quarter of a mile. Till next we meet.
FLOWERS: We'll see you soon enough, sir, hanging from a Tyburn gibbet.
LOVEMORE: Perhaps, perhaps. Goodnight, gentlemen. It has been a pleasure.
FLOWERS: Ha.
LOVEMORE: (galloping away) A pleasure for you to be robbed by Major Billy Lovemore!
FLOWERS: Did you hear what he said?
JEAKE: Aye, Lovemore.
FLOWERS: Ooo, never mind the loss of a few guineas, Jeake. We've just been robbed by the most famous highwayman in London! We'll dine out on this for years!

COTTON: Past eleven o'clock and all's well, God save yer. Past eleven o'clock. Hello, Hannah, my sweet. What are you doing creeping along Cheapside at such an hour?
HANNAH: Nothing that concerns you, Ned Cotton. Now, about your business, whimsy-head.
COTTON: Hasn't the good Doctor Holywell dismissed you for the night? Such a cruel master he is, Hannah. Not such a master as I would be, if you'd only have me.
HANNAH: Nay, Ned, let's not go through this again.
COTTON: Oh, it's a splendid moonshiny night, my little Hannah. Come, give old Ned a kiss.
HANNAH: Fie, Master Cotton. Away and boil your head!
(Struggle.)
HANNAH: No, enough! Enough, I say!

TURLOUGH: Hmm. Not even a bit of cheese. There's never a servant around when you need one.
(Hannah screams.)
TURLOUGH: What now?
HANNAH [OC]: No, get off me! Get off!
TURLOUGH: Doctor? Doctor!
HANNAH [OC]: Get off me!
TURLOUGH: Doctor?
HANNAH [OC]: No, leave me alone!
TURLOUGH: Oh, no. I suppose I'll have to do something about this. This really isn't me at all.
(Opens door and runs out.)

(Hannah screams.)
COTTON: Hush, wench, or I'll
TURLOUGH: Or you'll what?
COTTON: Eh?
TURLOUGH: Perhaps you'd like to consider modifying your behaviour towards the lady a little.
COTTON: What's this? A beardless boy your rescuer, Hannah?
TURLOUGH: Sorry, what I meant to say was let her go!
HANNAH: Oh, thank you sir, thank you.
COTTON: Now, my merry coxcomb, I think it's time these fists of mine taught *you* a lesson.
(Strange noise from the start of the story.)
COTTON: What's that? Do you hear it?
TURLOUGH: Go inside.
HANNAH: No sir, I'm not leaving.
TURLOUGH: Quickly. Something's wrong here.
COTTON: What is it? What is it?
TURLOUGH: I don't think we should hang around to find out.
CARTERET: (running up) Help me. Please, I am undone. In the name of Christ, help me.
HANNAH: What is it, what ails you?
CARTERET: They're coming! They're coming for me!

HOLYWELL: And here, a discursion on the magical arts as practised in the time before. A most rare and notable work, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, I can see that. It's quite a leap, Doctor Holywell, from porcelain to black arts.
HOLYWELL: It's my special study, Doctor. The rest are maggoty baubles compared to this, my

ruling passion. The Cabalist, the arcane, the study of the runes of old times, the Druidic methods. Tis my belief that much learning has been lost to us in the intervening years.
DOCTOR: Well, you may have something there.
HOLYWELL: And I am no mere amateur. My researches into these areas have yielded fruit.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I'm not the best audience for such theories, Doctor Holywell.
HOLYWELL: Samuel.
DOCTOR: Samuel. I'm a rational chap, and talk of ghosts and such
HOLYWELL: Oh nay, Doctor, nay. Don't get me wrong. I would have no truck with such stuff if I had not practical proof.
DOCTOR: Proof?
HOLYWELL: Aye, Doctor. I am in regular contact.
DOCTOR: Contact? With whom?
HOLYWELL: With the spirits of the dead.
(Hannah screams.)
HOLYWELL: Hannah!

CARTERET: Save me! Save me!
DOCTOR: Turlough, what's going on?
TURLOUGH: Run, Doctor, quickly. It's not safe here.
DOCTOR: Turlough, come back! Turlough!
TURLOUGH [OC]: Come on, Doctor. Come on!
DOCTOR: Oh, for goodness' sake. Turlough, come back!

TURLOUGH: (breathless) Doctor? Doctor, where? I thought
CABBIE: Have a care!
(Turlough cries out as the carriage gallops past.)

CARTERET: My God, help me!
HOLYWELL: What ails the fellow, Doctor?
DOCTOR: What? Oh, er, young lady, what happened?
HANNAH: Don't know, sir.
CARTERET: Save me! Argh!

[Part Two]

(No more strange noise filling the air., just rain.)
HANNAH: Oh, sir, sir.
HOLYWELL: Hannah, my dear, what was it?
DOCTOR: What happened here?
COTTON: I don't know. That fellow, he came running up the street towards us. Did you hear those sounds?
HOLYWELL: Aye, Ned Cotton. Now tell us more. What did you see? Answer me, sir.
COTTON: Saving your presence, Doctor Holywell, I've seen enough for one night.
(Walks away.)
HOLYWELL: Is he dead?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. Shock.
HANNAH: He was haunted. Haunted, Doctor Holywell. The air was full of phantoms.
HOLYWELL: There, there, Hannah. Tis over now. What's that in his hand?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
HOLYWELL: There, look. The dead man, he's holding something.
DOCTOR: Ah.
HANNAH: What is it, sir?
DOCTOR: A playing card.
HANNAH: Like as not the calling card of the Devil.
HOLYWELL: 'Od's flesh, Doctor. Perhaps Hannah is right. Perhaps I have conjured up the Old One through my work with the spirits.
DOCTOR: Now one thing at a time, Samuel. One thing at a time. A playing card, a single red heart. Well, I'll keep it safe for now inside my Wisden's Almanack. Now, I wonder what got into Turlough?

HOLYWELL: Your young friend? Why, he as like as not took fright. You cannot blame him.
DOCTOR: I'd better go after him. He can't have got far.
HOLYWELL: Very well, Doctor. I shall have this poor fellow brought inside. On the morrow Hannah will fetch the authorities. Now, I think we will to bed. This indeed has been a rare night.
(Clap of thunder.)
DOCTOR: Indeed.
HOLYWELL: Doctor, I should be honoured to offer yourself and Master Turlough food and shelter upon your return.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Samuel. Most kind.
HOLYWELL: Come along then, Hannah. Let's inside.
DOCTOR: Now then, Turlough, where have you got to?

(Cries of fear and pain.)
VOICE: Valentine. Valentine.
VALENTINE: Only a little longer, my friend, and all our work will be done. Just a little longer.

SELLER [OC]: New laid eggs, crack 'em and try 'em. New laid eggs
DOCTOR: Thank you, Hannah. That was delicious. (clatter of plates) Er, no, leave them. Come and sit down.
HANNAH: Sir?
HOLYWELL: Do as the Doctor says, my dear.
DOCTOR: Now, as you know, I wasn't able to find my friend last night. I'd be grateful if you could tell me exactly what happened.
HANNAH: Well, I was outside, sir, doing away with yesterday's rubbish.
DOCTOR: Right. Then this fellow Cotton arrived.
HANNAH: The watchman he is, sir, and a proper ape, too. It's a moonshiny night, says he, let's have some sport, whimsy head.
HOLYWELL: Then this other man appeared.
HANNAH: Aye, sir. Mobbing it up the street like a man possessed, he was, his hands stretched out. Save me, he cries. And then there was this noise, like the Gabriel ratchet, sir, howling and a-cussing.
DOCTOR: Yes, a sort of chattering, wasn't it, as though something were pursuing him that none of us could see.
HOLYWELL: And whatever it was, it was sufficiently terrifying to scare the poor gallant to death.
DOCTOR: Leaving only the playing card.
HOLYWELL: And his papers. I took the liberty, Doctor. His name was Edmund Carteret, a wine merchant by trade, in the prime of life.
DOCTOR: Anything else?
HOLYWELL: His pockets, Doctor, were fit to burst. A mish-mash of coins and promissory notes. He was no beggar, and I fancy he made rather free with his wealth.
DOCTOR: Hmm. What did you tell the Parish Constables?
HOLYWELL: That I found the poor fellow in the street, dead of his heart. Ned Cotton has backed up the tale.
DOCTOR: Samuel, has anything else unusual been going on around here lately?
HOLYWELL: Oh, indeed. Quite apart from my own successes viz the survival of the spirit after death.
HANNAH: Eh?
DOCTOR: We'll come back to that in a minute.
HOLYWELL: There have been numerous vanishments of late.
HANNAH: That's right, sir.
DOCTOR: Vanishments?
HOLYWELL: Aye. Gentlemen about town, disappeared.
DOCTOR: Really.
HOLYWELL: Tis my belief, Doctor, that it is with the souls of these poor men that I have been in touch.
DOCTOR: You've actually spoken with them?
HOLYWELL: Well, not as such, but I am convinced that they can hear me through their torments and hollerings,

DOCTOR: Hmm. These experiments of yours, would it be possible to run them again for my benefit?
HOLYWELL: But of course. Tonight?
DOCTOR: Splendid.
HOLYWELL: Ah, the hour must be right, and the atmosphere, or they will not come. I shall make preparations forthwith.
(Chair scrapes back.)
HOLYWELL: Come, Hannah. I shall require assistance.
HANNAH: Yes, sir.
DOCTOR: And I've got to find Turlough. Hope he hasn't got himself into trouble, though it does seem to be a particular talent of his.
HOLYWELL: Oh, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hmm?
HOLYWELL: Last night you said you would have no truck with bell, book and candle.
DOCTOR: Yes. Well, something's not quite right here, Samuel, and this particular rationalist is beginning to feel a little irrational.

(Children singing Ring-a-roses outside. Clatter of cups and spoons.)
JEAKE: Wounds, I can't say as I favour this coffee stuff meself, Flowers. Takes like something that's dropped from the wrong end of a cow.
FLOWERS: It's the fashion.
JEAKE: A pox on fashion. Give me wine, women and song.
FLOWERS: And the same for me.
JEAKE: But you're tone deaf.
FLOWERS: Two out of three ain't bad.
(Both laugh. Someone groans.)
JEAKE: Ah, he's coming to. Good morning, my young friend.
TURLOUGH: What? What's going on?
FLOWERS: Don't stir, lad. You had a pretty knock last night. Our carriage almost made an end of you. Here, take coffee, hmm?
TURLOUGH: Oh, yes. Thank you. (slurps) Where did you find me? I can't seem to remember. The Doctor?
JEAKE: A capital idea, my buck. A physic's just the thing for you.
TURLOUGH: No, no, no, no, no. I mean my *friend* the Doctor. I called out to him, thought he was right behind me. You see, there was a, there was a man. Something was after him.
FLOWERS: A footpad, I'll wager, like our adventure last night.
JEAKE: I can still feel the blood throbbing through me veins, Flowers. There's not many a fellow could stand up to Major Billy Lovemore the way I did.
FLOWERS: Eh? Oh.
TURLOUGH: Major who?
JEAKE: Lovemore. They say he's an Irish officer turned bad. Half the ladies in town swoon at the mere mention of his name.
FLOWERS: Faugh. Such women are mere twiddle-twaddles. Gossip is their meat and drink.
JEAKE: They have much to gossip about, my friend.
FLOWERS: I beg pardon?
JEAKE: As well as Major Lovemore's adventures, there's all these fellows gone missing.
TURLOUGH: Missing? I don't understand. You mean kidnapped? Murdered?
FLOWERS: Let us hope not. Among them is perhaps our friend Carteret.
JEAKE: Ah, now, we don't know that for sure, Flowers.
FLOWERS: No, but I'm set on following up Poltrot's information on this Valentine fellow. Will you join me?
JEAKE: Eh? Oh, no. No, I'd best er see to our new friend, Master er
TURLOUGH: Turlough. Thank you.
JEAKE: Yes. He looks like he could use some vittals.
TURLOUGH: If by that you mean food, I'd be very grateful.
FLOWERS: Very well then, let's meet this evening at the theatre.
JEAKE: Agreed.
FLOWERS: Then good day to you, Jeake.
(Chair scrapes back.)
FLOWERS: Master Turlough.

TURLOUGH: Eh? Oh. Good day.
JEAKE: Now then, me boy, let us start from the beginning. What brought you to London?
TURLOUGH: Ah. Well, yes, that's, that's a very good question. Do you mind if I answer it on a full stomach?

MALE: You seem very sure.
FEMALE: I am. If he's alive, then he's on Earth, and in London.
MALE: But there are no traces. Even after all these years, there should be something.
FEMALE: You forget. He didn't want to be found, did he, and he's very clever. But that's academic now. There have been (pause) developments.
MALE: What do you mean?
FEMALE: Our client reports there is something odd going on in the vicinity. Disappearances. And last night, something more.
MALE: Don't be so vague. What are you talking about?
FEMALE: I'll wait until I have more data. It could be nothing more than a conjuring trick. And yet.
MALE: Let our client continue the search. As for these other activities.
FEMALE: Yes?
MALE: Tell our client not to draw too much unwarranted attention.
FEMALE: You know our client, the soul of discretion.

HOLYWELL: Still no sign of your friend, Master Turlough?
DOCTOR: No, Samuel, no. I can only hope that he'll turn up soon. Well, it's quite a library.
HOLYWELL: Aye. The trustees boast that it is the most esoteric archive in London. After my own, of course. But you have been studying the list?
DOCTOR: These are the names of all the missing persons.
HOLYWELL: Aye. I have kept careful watch through the newspapers and the gossips. Not all have officially vanished, but I have seen a pattern develop.
DOCTOR: Oliver Lacey, Charles Jolley, Afrobeauregard Shovel.(clears throat)
MAN: Shh!
DOCTOR: Sorry.
HOLYWELL: Altogether some four and twenty fellows.
DOCTOR: All disappeared within what sort of period?
HOLYWELL: Er, the first was noticed some six months back.
DOCTOR: And you've found a connection?
HOLYWELL: Of a sort.
DOCTOR: And that is?
HOLYWELL: I will show you, Doctor, here, on this map.
(Unrolling paper.)
HOLYWELL: You see? The points at which each man was last seen.
DOCTOR: I see.
HOLYWELL: All within one square mile of Cheapside.
DOCTOR: I'll need a history of this area.
HOLYWELL: A history? Well, all the books are here, Doctor, back to the Conquest if needs be.
DOCTOR: Well, perhaps not that far.
MAN: Shh!
DOCTOR: Sorry.

COTTON: Six o'clock and all's well, God save yer. Six o'clock
LOVEMORE: You have a powerful pair of lungs.
COTTON: Oh, lor. You did give me a start, sir. What are you doing, standing in the shadows there?
LOVEMORE: Perhaps I have something to hide.
COTTON: Oh, come, sir. I dislike riddles. What's your business?
(Footsteps.)
COTTON: Why, you're masked. What do you want with me?
(Sound of a pistol being cocked.)
COTTON: 'Od's face, sir, do you threaten me?
LOVEMORE: I do, Master Cotton.

COTTON: You know me?
LOVEMORE: It's not as if you weren't given fair warning, but you would persist.
COTTON: Is it money that you want?
LOVEMORE: (laughs) I have guineas a-plenty.
COTTON: Who are you?
LOVEMORE: I am Major Billy Lovemore, dolt.
COTTON: Mercy. The footpad!
LOVEMORE: That is one of my professions, yes.
COTTON: And the others?
LOVEMORE: Oh, you'd be surprised, Ned Cotton. Today I am an angel, of retribution.
(Gunshot.)

(Diabola Club.)
VALENTINE: Ah, you win again, Master Poltrot. Here, more wine to celebrate your good fortune.
POLTROT: Thank you, sir. Thank you. Wait until the lads downstairs hear I've been playing at cards with *you*, Sir Nikolas.
VALENTINE: Well, you can tell them I'm very particular about the company I keep. Well, you're an excellent fellow, Poltrot. And much more able than your present situation gives scope for.
POLTROT: Oh, yes, sir. Indeed, sir. May I ask a question?
VALENTINE: By all means.
POLTROT: Your gloves, sir. You never take 'em off. The lads notice these little things. They have all kinds of ideas about them.
VALENTINE: Do they now? Well, there's no mystery, merely a gambler's superstition. Now, let's play another round, and see if we can't increase your winnings further.
POLTROT: Mister Flowers.
FLOWERS: I'm in the presence of Sir Nikolas Valentine?
VALENTINE: (laughing) Gad, man. I'm not the Pope. Yes, you are indeed in the presence of Sir Nik. But my friend and I are occupied.
FLOWERS: I gather you are a gambling man, Sir Nikolas.
VALENTINE: Yes. Oh, yes.
FLOWERS: And that you play a good game of cards.
VALENTINE: Well, what do you think I'm doing now?
FLOWERS: Poltrot here gave me your particulars.
VALENTINE: Did he, indeed.
FLOWERS: And something of your history.
VALENTINE: My history?
FLOWERS: I gather that last night you played a hand or two with my friend Edmund Carteret.
VALENTINE: I, I believe a gentleman of that name did drop by my table.
FLOWERS: And has not, sir, been seen since.
VALENTINE: How distressing. But what has that to do with me?
FLOWERS: Did he say anything to you? He was in something of an agitated state.
VALENTINE: No, no, nothing. We played a little Lanterloo then he left.
FLOWERS: I apologise for my present humour, and for the rudeness of my entry, but as God is my witness, I fear for my friend's safety.
VALENTINE: Oh, come, come, sir. Don't be so glum. Will you not accompany us? We'll play a hand or two and I'll wager you Master Carteret will be here himself before long.
FLOWERS: Yes, yes, but, perhaps.
VALENTINE: Excellent! Well, Poltrot, fetch a chair, there's a good fellow.
POLTROT: Yes, sir.
VALENTINE: Prithee pardon, sir, I don't believe I caught your name.
FLOWERS: Flowers. Quincy Flowers. By profession a mathematician.
VALENTINE: A math-o-met-ician? Hmm. Is that so?

(In the street.)
DOCTOR: Now, back to the list. What sort of men were they?
HOLYWELL: A motley lot. The first man, Lacey, was an architect by trade, yet our last Master Carteret merely a wine seller. Here now, Charles Jolley, a clerk of court. And yet another gallant, Richard Whitelock, an actor. I have tried to find a common thread between them, but as yet

DOCTOR: We must continue looking. There has to be a connection/
HOLYWELL: Doctor, do you think these vanishments have anything to do with *my* spirits?
DOCTOR: Well, if you've started hearing voices of the dead, I'd be very surprised if they didn't. Let's just hope Turlough isn't one of those voices.
HOLYWELL: Doctor! Look.
DOCTOR: What is it?
(Man groans.)
HOLYWELL: It's the watchman, Cotton.
DOCTOR: Is he hurt?
HOLYWELL: I fear he is dying. Ned, Ned, who has done this to you?
COTTON: (weakly) An angel.
DOCTOR: What did he say?
COTTON: I saw the angel's face, just for a moment. Who would have thought that one so, so
(death rattle)
HOLYWELL: He's gone.
DOCTOR: This grows darker by the moment. Turlough, where are you?

(Laughter at a stage performance.)
JEAKE: 'Od's me life, did I give up my turkey pie for this?
TURLOUGH: I think it's quite surreal.
JEAKE: Eh? What?
TURLOUGH: I rather like it.
JEAKE: Then you are either mad or turning Quaker. I never saw such a play.
TURLOUGH: Please yourself.
ACTOR: Apes in hell.
(Laughter and applause. Cheers.)
TURLOUGH: There's no sign of your friend. Do you want to move on?
JEAKE: Perhaps we should. Flowers will find us at the Diabola Club come rain or shine. Settle your wig, Master Turlough.
TURLOUGH: My what?
JEAKE: Let's get out into the fresh air.
TURLOUGH: Jasper, look. Isn't that him?
JEAKE: Why, yes. Flowers! Flowers! Where've you been? Gad, the fellow's as pale as milk.
TURLOUGH: He certainly doesn't look very well. Where's he going? Flowers? Flowers, it's only us.
JEAKE: He's running away. 'Od's fish, my friend. This is the second time in as many nights that someone has fled from me company. I'm beginning to worry.
TURLOUGH: Come on, Jasper. Let's get to the bottom of this.

(Clock striking the hour.)
HOLYWELL: The drapes, Hannah, if you please.
HANNAH: Yes, sir.
HOLYWELL: Now, you seat yourself by the Doctor.
HANNAH: Excuse me.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, yes, of course.
HANNAH: You're worried about your friend Turlough, aren't you.
DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose I am.
HANNAH: Do you think this will help find him?
DOCTOR: No. But it might help us get a few things clear.
HOLYWELL: Now, we are all three seated? Excellent fair. Then let us join hands across the table.
HANNAH: I'm frightened, sir.
HOLYWELL: Oh tush, Hannah. There's nothing to fear from the dead.
DOCTOR: I hope you're right.
(Holywell takes deep, slow breaths.)
HOLYWELL: Oh, blessed Andramalec, deeping Lord of the Earth on which we toil. Forswear the years, draw back the Web of Fear. Let us speak with those now gone.
(The clock ticking becomes irregular.)
HOLYWELL: The bell, the bell. If thou hearest me, the bell, the bell I say.
HANNAH: (sotto) The clock's stopped.

DOCTOR: Hmm? Yes, it has.
HANNAH: (sotto) It's a trick.
DOCTOR: I don't think so. Listen.
HANNAH: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Don't be frightened, Hannah.
HANNAH: They're the same, Doctor. The same sounds we heard outside.

TURLOUGH: Can you see him? Which way did he go?
JEAKE: Oh, I fear my belly will not stand another hour unfilled, my boy. Let's to the Diabola Club. A dish of fowl, a dozen larks and a pipe of choice of Barcelona. What say you?
TURLOUGH: This is no time to think of food. There's a mystery here. I must find the Doctor. If only I could remember the way back to that house. Wait a minute, it's Flowers. Look, there. See him? Come on.
(Running feet recede, then approach, breathless.)
TURLOUGH: Oh, lost him again. This is bizarre.
JEAKE: Oh, confound the fellow. What game is he about?
TURLOUGH: Wait. Jasper, what's that?
JEAKE: What? What?
TURLOUGH: There he is.
JEAKE: I see him. Flowers! Wounds, the sweat's standing off him like diamonds on a cloth.
(Running feet.)
JEAKE: Quincy, what in God's name ails you?
FLOWERS: God's fish, help me, my friends.
JEAKE: Gad, sir, you ran away from us not half an hour since.
FLOWERS: I had to. I didn't want you to. They're here! They are everywhere.
TURLOUGH: He's trembling. Who is here? What do you mean?
FLOWERS: I was looking for Carteret. He has gone, like the others. Then I was playing cards. Devil! Devil!
JEAKE: Quincy!
FLOWERS: There are a thousand voices in my head!
TURLOUGH: Voices? You heard voices?
FLOWERS: I went to the theatre, but even there they followed me. Ow! You don't hear them!
JEAKE: He's raving.
TURLOUGH: No, no, no. This is what happened to me, last night.
JEAKE: Flowers, our hearts, blood and guts are at your service, but tell us how we can help?
FLOWERS: It's me. They are coming for me.
JEAKE: Who, sir? Who?
TURLOUGH: Can you hear it, Jasper? Can you hear it? It's just like before. It's happening all over again.
FLOWERS: Heaven help me.
JEAKE: 'Od's fish, he's vanishing!

(Holywell cries out.)
HANNAH: Can you make out what he says?
DOCTOR: No. But there's something. Something oddly familiar.
(The Doctor makes a strangled sound.)
HANNAH: Doctor?
HOLYWELL: Drive number, number ought three three (more voices join in) seven eight
DOCTOR + HOLYWELL: What I I drive malfunction
HANNAH: Doctor!
DOCTOR + HOLYWELL + VOICES: Malfunction detected. Heading ought five five eight. Take him. Take him.
HANNAH: Doctor, what is it?
(Screams.)
HANNAH: Doctor!

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: It's all right. It's all right. Passing now. Passing.
HANNAH: Brandy. I'll get you brandy.
DOCTOR: For Samuel. I'm fine.
HANNAH: Doctor, what was all that?
DOCTOR: It won't make any sense to you, but if Turlough were here, he'd recognise those sounds.
HANNAH: He would?
DOCTOR: Yes. A little indistinct, but unquestionably radio signals.

(Scream shoots back and forth between the ears.)
FLOWERS: What is this place?
VALENTINE: Master Flowers. How nice to see you again, and so soon.
FLOWERS: Valentine?
VALENTINE: We shall play another game, you and I. I'm afraid the rules are of my own making. Bwahahahahahaha!

(Street vendors outside, church bells ringing.)
SELLER [OC]: White walnuts, white scallions.
DOCTOR: So, is hold Holywell a medium? Hmm. No. No more than I am. Perhaps some latent psychic ability. That could be why both of us picked up on those manifestations. He'd had no luck chatting with the dead before now. All of a sudden
(Hannah mutters something.)
DOCTOR: Hmm?
HANNAH: Morning, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, morning, Hannah.
HANNAH: This radio you spoke of, sir.
DOCTOR: Er, a man-made source. It should be quite a simple matter. The Tardis can pick up the source of the transmission and then maybe we'll find out who's causing it. Ah, Samuel. Feeling better?
HOLYWELL: Oh, much, thank you, Doctor. Hannah has told me all of what passed last night.
HANNAH: Yes, sir, I have. The voices of the dead.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, we'll see about that. The first thing we must do is pop into the Tardis.
HOLYWELL: Tardis?
DOCTOR: Yes, my er. The blue box.
HOLYWELL: There is something within it which may prove useful?
DOCTOR: I dare say. Coming?

(Voices groaning.)
VALENTINE: Master Flowers. (clicking fingers) Come, sir. Wake, wake. I have not the time for you to be idle. There's work to be done.
FLOWERS: Valentine, where
VALENTINE: Where are you? In good hands.
FLOWERS: Great God. I remember now. What Hellmouth is this? The walls, like wet liver. Last night. I was pursued. There was a thousand devils at my heels.
VALENTINE: A thousand devils? Tut, tut. How could you be so rude to your fellow guests?
FLOWERS: Guests? Who are these men? What have you done to them?
VALENTINE: You shall soon see.
(Chains rattle.)
FLOWERS: I am restrained! Please, sir, I beg you, release me.
VALENTINE: Tush, Master Flowers. That would never do, for today you take your place in history. Now I must place this over your face.
FLOWERS: (terrified) No, Valentine, I beg you!
VALENTINE: Be silent, cock sparrow. Your protestations are lost on me. There is a greater purpose at work than your mean little life.
FLOWERS: What do you want? Why keep us here? What can you gain?
VALENTINE: (evil laugh) Restoration!

(In the Tardis.)
HOLYWELL: God a-mercy.

DOCTOR: Like it?
HOLYWELL: But I have walked all around it. It's dimensions are scarcely large enough for three persons.
DOCTOR: Ah, no, but you're on the right track. It's dimensions are transcendental.
HOLYWELL: Transen
DOCTOR: If we had time, you and I could sit by the fire and natter on about mapping exterior continuums onto interior dimensions, and so on and so forth.
HOLYWELL: But we don't have time.
DOCTOR: Regrettably, no. However, for the sake of established history, that's probably no bad thing.
HANNAH: It is a box of wonderment, Doctor. And you travel within, you say?
DOCTOR: Anywhere in Space and Time. Well, almost.
HOLYWELL: Oh, but can you not tell me of the future, Doctor? I am all agog.
DOCTOR: Er, not allowed, I'm afraid. I'm bending the rules as it is.
HOLYWELL: But I have so many questions. It's fantastic. Fantastic!
DOCTOR: She's quite ordinary, I can assure you. Now, a type 70? Well. But the old girl and me have been through rather a lot together. Now, the source of those transmissions.
(Beeps and hums, then a regular pulse.)
DOCTOR: Oh.
HANNAH: You sound vexed, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I am. There's a residual signal, but the actual source is being blocked.
HANNAH: (sotto) Someone's being rather cleverer than we thought.
DOCTOR: What? Oh, yes.
HOLYWELL: I do not pretend to understand all you're saying, Doctor, but you alleged that this person does not belong here in the London of 1702.
DOCTOR: I'm sure of it.
HOLYWELL: Then, could he be a traveller in Time like you?
DOCTOR: It's possible. There's no shortage of suspects. Samuel, I'd like you to return to the library. Go back through the histories of Cheapside. You know what you're looking for.
HOLYWELL: Aye, Doctor. What will you do?
DOCTOR: Take this list of names and see if I can find a link between them.
HANNAH: The names of the missing men?
DOCTOR: Yes. Samuel's done some preliminary research, but there's no substitute for thorough legwork. Hannah, would you like to come with me? I think a local guide might be helpful.
HANNAH: We'd best find the local gossips, sir, for they will surely put us on the right track.
DOCTOR: Excellent. Right, see you later, then.
(Tardis door opens.)
DOCTOR: After you, Hannah.
(Footsteps.)
HOLYWELL: I hope no ill will befall her, Doctor.
DOCTOR: She'll be all right. It's time she saw a little of life beyond those kitchens.

(Sounds of people and crockery.)
JEAKE: (burps) Oh. 'Od's fish. I confess that last night's adventures have only served to sharpen me appetite.
TURLOUGH: (mouth full) Well, there's nothing that makes life more attractive than the possibility of losing it.
JEAKE: Yet now day is on us, I can hardly believe it happened. Quincy Flowers harangued by the hounds of Hell till the fellow quite disappeared. Had I not witnessed it with me own orbits, I would call for the men of the Bedlam to take me away.
TURLOUGH: It happened all right, Jasper. Have no doubt about that. Oh, if only I could remember where the Doctor was. He'd know what to do about all this.
JEAKE: Ah, I almost forgot. I heard this morning that my friend Edmund Carteret has been found dead.
TURLOUGH: Really?
JEAKE: Yes, found dead in the streets. His heart had given out.
TURLOUGH: Who told you?
JEAKE: Mother Collet. She is over yonder, peering into her tea leaves, but she has it on the best authority. She says that he was frightened to death.

TURLOUGH: Frightened to death, you say. Perhaps he was the man I saw attacked?
JEAKE: Perhaps. But there is more, Master Turlough. A Cheapside watchman, Cotton.
TURLOUGH: Not dead?
JEAKE: Dead. Shot through the heart. Mother Collet swears that some saw a masked man riding away from the scene of the crime.
TURLOUGH: It isn't safe to walk the streets..
JEAKE: He was thought to be Lovemore, the highwayman who Flowers and I encountered only the other night.
TURLOUGH: Cheapside, you say. That rings a bell. Wasn't that where the other man was found, Carteret?
JEAKE: I shall ask Mother Collet. Perhaps we should go to the authorities.
TURLOUGH: No. They'd pack us off to that Bedlam you mentioned as soon as look at us. No, we must take this matter into our own hands.
JEAKE: Is that wise?
TURLOUGH: Unless we can find the Doctor, I see no alternative.
JEAKE: Then it is you and I against the Devil, my friend.
TURLOUGH: Er, Jasper, I'd rather you didn't put it quite like that.

FLOWERS: Proceeding, proceeding to stage four. Ah!
VALENTINE: Continue. Continue, I say.
FLOWERS: I cannot.
VALENTINE: You have no choice, you strolling beggar.
FLOWERS: These words, these words in my head, what are they?
VALENTINE: They're not for you to understand, my friend, simply obey them. Let them drip through that addled whirligig you call a mind. Give yourself up to them.
FLOWERS: (mumbling) Level five approaching.
VALENTINE: Do not struggle agin it, Master Flowers. Give yourself up to the wondrous frenzy.
FLOWERS: I am so tired.
VALENTINE: Concentrate.
FLOWERS: Stage four at cellular level. Five approaching.
VALENTINE: Good, good. (evil laugh) Have no fear, little man. Your part in the great task is almost ended. Then rest, rest for all eternity. For the bright day is done and we are all dark.
FLOWERS: Approaching.

HOLYWELL: And here again, you see, sir?
LIBRARIAN: And what, pray, am I looking at, sir? The library closes in a matter of minutes.
HOLYWELL: Look here, man.
(Thumps book.)
HOLYWELL: Regularly for the past thirty years or so, in and around Cheapside.
LIBRARIAN: What?
HOLYWELL: Vanishments, like those we are witnessing now.
LIBRARIAN: Vanishments?
HOLYWELL: And always young men in their prime. But there must be more of a connection. There must be.
LIBRARIAN: Hmm. A gang, perhaps. A cult of fanatics prowling the streets in search of victims?
HOLYWELL: It is rather an odd way to go about doing people in.
LIBRARIAN: Perhaps it is their religion. In my studies, I have read of certain tribes out foreign who
HOLYWELL: No, no, no, no. There's someone here, here in Cheapside, waiting.

BILLPOSTER: Murder! Ghastly murder!
DOCTOR: Well, he was no help. Any more suggestions?
HANNAH: Perhaps. An old woman I know. She is lately found encornered in a coffee house nearby. She may well have knowledge of the vintner Carteret.
DOCTOR: Not painted with the inside of a (unintelligible), is she?
(Hannah laughs.)
BILLPOSTER: Murder!
DOCTOR: What's going on?

BILLPOSTER: Ghastly murder!
HANNAH: He's putting up a bill.
BILLPOSTER: Lovemore, the notorious highwayman, wanted for murder!
HANNAH: They're after the man who killed Ned Cotton.
BILLPOSTER: Murder! Ghastly murder!
HANNAH: They'll hang him if they can find him.

(Coffee shop again. Turlough groans.)
JEAKE: What ails you, my friend?
TURLOUGH: Well, we're no nearer finding out anything. We've wasted half a day wandering around Cheapside looking for Doctor Holywell's house, and meanwhile your friend Flowers
JEAKE: I know, I know. Who knows what hellish torment he might be enduring.
DOCTOR: Well, why don't we find out?
TURLOUGH: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Hello, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: I was beginning to think I'd be stuck in this wretched century for the rest of my life.
DOCTOR: Where on Earth did you get to?
TURLOUGH: Er, look, never mind. I've got so much to tell you. (Jeake harrumphs) Oh yes. Jasper, this is the Doctor. Doctor, Jasper Jeake.
JEAKE: Your servant, sir.
DOCTOR: How do you do.
JEAKE: And the young lady?
DOCTOR: This is Miss Hannah Fry.
JEAKE: I see. Charmed, charmed.
(Hannah simpers.)
TURLOUGH: How did you find me?
HANNAH: We came to see Mother Collet.
DOCTOR: Yes, we're following up a line of enquiry. Well, it's a long story. Why don't we have a spot of Java and put our heads together?
JEAKE: Eh?
DOCTOR: Never mind.

MALE: What is it?
FEMALE: An urgent development. There is another being in London. He has some kind of spacecraft.
MALE: Our client has seen it?
FEMALE: It would seem so.
MALE: What can this mean?
FEMALE: It appears to be a coincidence. A rather handy one, at that.

DOCTOR: Your friend Flowers, is he linked to any of the names on the list?
JEAKE: Why, no more than I am. We were both friends of Edmund Carteret. Great God!
TURLOUGH: What is it?
JEAKE: I see a pattern now.
TURLOUGH: A pattern?
JEAKE: My brain is addled an I did not it afore.
HANNAH: Sir?
JEAKE: Why, Lacey and Whitecock the actor, we knew 'em.
TURLOUGH: Along with half of London, surely?
JEAKE: But where did we know them from? The Diabola.
TURLOUGH: The what?
JEAKE: I'll wager most of the men on this list have some connection with the Club.
DOCTOR: The Diabola Club?
JEAKE: A gaming house and gentleman's retreat, sir.
DOCTOR: Hmm, with a highly motley clientèle, by the look of the list. It's obviously a broad church.
JEAKE: No, it is a tall, narrow building, formerly a lodging house.
DOCTOR: Yes. Never mind. Well, this could be the link we've been looking for, Mister Jeake. I

think it's time you took us to this club of yours.
HANNAH: You go on, Doctor. I will return and inform Doctor Holywell of our destination.
JEAKE: Oh.
TURLOUGH: I'll come too.
JEAKE: Don't stay away too long, my beauty. Now I think, Doctor, there was a name. Flowers was intent on following up some scraps of wisdom about a fellow called Valentine.
DOCTOR: Hmm.

WATCHMAN: Maids in your smocks, look well to your locks. The fire be alight and God give you goodnight. It's seven o'clock.
(In a carriage.)
TURLOUGH: Ow, ow. Not the most comfortable journey I've ever made.
HOLYWELL: Ah, but infinitely preferable to the chairmen, I assure you, Master Turlough. By now we'd be pitched in a ditch or scattered between Charing Cross and Aldgate.
TURLOUGH: Have you heard of this Diabola Club?
HOLYWELL: Oh, indeed. It has quite a reputation. Many a young fellow has been wrecked on its scandalous shore. Drinking, wenching, gambling. (sigh) I've been trying to become a member for years.
TURLOUGH: (laughs) Then Hannah won't be joining us.
HOLYWELL: Oh, the fair sex are more than welcome, Master Turlough, but not in a capacity which would suit dear Hannah.

(Diabola Club)
JEAKE: Capital, Doctor. For a stranger to our shores, you play like an Englishman.
DOCTOR: I'll take that as a compliment, Mister Jeake.
JEAKE: What next? Lanterloo?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I don't know it.
JEAKE: Then I shall teach you.
TURLOUGH: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah, Turlough. You look splendid. Have you been shopping?
TURLOUGH: Doctor Holywell was kind enough to root out a few garments for me. Apparently my own were drawing unwarranted attention.
DOCTOR: You surprise me. May I introduce Mister Jeake, Doctor Holywell. He's er, assisting us in our investigation.
HOLYWELL: Your servant, sir.
JEAKE: Likewise. You're very welcome, sir, but I fear there will be no news tonight.
HOLYWELL: No?
JEAKE: No. We have been watching like hawks, but there is no sign of anything untoward.
TURLOUGH: What exactly are you looking for?
JEAKE: Eh? Oh, well, phantoms, Master Turlough. The acolytes of Lucifer, like as we encountered on the road.
DOCTOR: I think we should scale down our ambitions a tad. Now, look around you discreetly. Does anything strike you as unusual?
JEAKE: There are always strangers at the Club, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What about regulars? Who do you always see here?
JEAKE: Well, we used to see most of Carteret. but
DOCTOR: Who's that over there, hmm? In the corner. Could that be this Valentine?
JEAKE: Oh, him. I don't know the fellow. It's a simple matter to find out. Gad, he's playing cards with Poltrot.
TURLOUGH: What's so unusual about that?
JEAKE: Fellow can't be a gentleman if he consorts with servants.
DOCTOR: Quite. Excuse me.

POLTROT: Oh, I win again, sir.
VALENTINE: But you're a natural, my friend. I knew that all that education hadn't left you. You're a quick-witted fellow, and no mistake.
DOCTOR: I say, could we make up a three?
VALENTINE: I fear not, sir. Master Poltrot and I
DOCTOR: I'm sure Master Poltrot won't mind.

JEAKE: Poltrot, you lazy dog. Is it your night off?
POLTROT: Oh, no, sir.
JEAKE: Then get us some wine. My friends here are parched as paper. Come along, man.
VALENTINE: Jackanapes.
DOCTOR: Come, sir. Lanterloo, was it?
VALENTINE: I had something else in mind.
DOCTOR: And what game do you usually play?
VALENTINE: My game? My game, sir, is patience.
DOCTOR: That's a very solitary pursuit. Know any others?
VALENTINE: I do, sir, but the stakes are high.
DOCTOR: I'm ready. (three cards dealt each) Thank you.
(Cards are dealt onto the table.)
VALENTINE: A club.
DOCTOR: Ditto. Tell me, sir. Have you been in London long?
VALENTINE: Six. Long enough, sir, long enough.
DOCTOR: Eight. And how'd you find it?
(They are playing Lanterloo, and the Doctor has just won the first trick.)
VALENTINE: Your cards sir. How do I find it? Eternally surprising, sir.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Another card, please.
VALENTINE: A four.
DOCTOR: Do you always do that?
VALENTINE: Sir?
DOCTOR: Wear your gloves to the table.
VALENTINE: They bring me luck, er Master?
DOCTOR: Doctor.
VALENTINE: Doctor?
DOCTOR: And whom do I have the honour of playing?
VALENTINE: I am Sir Nikolas Valentine.
DOCTOR: Another card, please.
VALENTINE: Are you sure, Doctor? The game hangs on it.
DOCTOR: I'm sure.
VALENTINE: Turn it.
DOCTOR: An ace.
VALENTINE: You win.
DOCTOR: A single red heart. A valentine.
VALENTINE: (chuckles) Keep it. A memento.
DOCTOR: Perhaps we can have a rematch some day. I hate to see a fellow lose.
VALENTINE: Goodnight, sir. Another match will not be necessary. You see, I never lose.

TURLOUGH: What was all that about?
HOLYWELL: Doctor, was that our man?
DOCTOR: Sir Nikolas Valentine. There's certainly something unusual about him.
HOLYWELL: Well, what of this, Doctor? My researches show the person we're looking for could have been here for thirty years.
DOCTOR: No wonder he said his game was patience.

(Street)
JEAKE: No more than six months, you say?
POLTROT: No, sir. He just appeared at the tables one day. Always alone he is, sir.
JEAKE: And you say Mister Flowers was also enquiring about him?
POLTROT: Yes, sir. Sir Nikolas had lately played at cards with Mister Carteret, you see.
JEAKE: Hmm. Ah, here comes the Doctor. Goodnight, Poltrot.
POLTROT: Goodnight, sir.
JEAKE: Doctor, was that him? Is Valentine a demon in human form?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. I need to do some thinking. Samuel, Turlough, I'll see you back at the house. Mister Jeake.
JEAKE: Yes, Doctor?
DOCTOR: We'll see you tomorrow.
JEAKE: Oh. Oh, very well. I'll find my carriage.
TURLOUGH: Are you sure, Doctor? From personal experience I can tell you there's no telling

what'll happen to you if you go wandering off in this city.
DOCTOR: I won't be long. Just need to get some things clear in my head. Goodnight.
TURLOUGH: Goodnight. Jasper, wait a minute!
JEAKE: Damnably disappointed to have to call it a night. I was just beginning to enjoy meself.
TURLOUGH: I know. The Doctor often gets like this. Stops giving answers just when things get interesting.
JEAKE: Hmm. Still, the fellow seems to know what he's on about. I'm sure tomorrow would Ah!
TURLOUGH: What is it?
JEAKE: Valentine. Do you see him?
TURLOUGH: Yes. Getting into a chair.
JEAKE: We must tell the Doctor.
TURLOUGH: No, no, no, let's follow.
JEAKE: Oh, is that wise?
TURLOUGH: I'm sure the Doctor will be more than pleased if we can give him Valentine's address over breakfast. Come on.

DOCTOR: Every thirty years. But where does he go, and why? Why?
(That sound grows.)
DOCTOR: Oh no.

MALE: Communication from Lovemore
FEMALE: Patch him through.
LOVEMORE [OC]: Are you there?
MALE: Yes, yes. Come in, Lovemore.
LOVEMORE [OC]: I think I've found him.
FEMALE: What?
LOVEMORE [OC]: They've identified a mysterious gambler. He's calling himself Nikolas Valentine.
MALE: Could it be him?
LOVEMORE [OC]: I'm not certain. I'll know by tomorrow.
FEMALE: Then what?
LOVEMORE [OC]: Well, I shall make myself known to him.
MALE: And cast off your alias?
LOVEMORE [OC]: Indeed. I'll miss Major Billy Lovemore.
(Gurgling transformation sound.)
HANNAH [OC]: But I think I'll miss being Hannah most of all.

[Part Four]

(Running from the sound.)
DOCTOR: No, not yet. You'll not take me yet.

VALENTINE: Pursue, pursue. I must have him. I must.

DOCTOR: What's going on? Ah! No! No, I will not submit.
LOVEMORE: Quickly. Quickly, man. Your hand. Up onto my horse.
(Effort.)
LOVEMORE: Away. Let's away
DOCTOR: Thank you.

(Pouring liquid.)
HOLYWELL: Now where can that girl have got to? A fellow having to pour his own wine? (tuts) Mmm, yes, not a bad drop. A horseman? It's like before. The spirits, they have returned. 'Od's fish, what if they've come for me?

(Regular beeping over hoofbeats.)
LOVEMORE: What is that sound?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Wait a minute. In my coat.

LOVEMORE: What is that?
DOCTOR: The playing card Valentine gave me. Some sort of homing device.
LOVEMORE: A homing? Then you must destroy it.
DOCTOR: It's quite sophisticated. I'm afraid I haven't. (horse stops) This is Holywell's house. How did you know
(Dismounts.)
LOVEMORE: Never mind, my friend. They're gaining on you. Farewell.
DOCTOR: Wait!
(Lovemore gallops off.)
HOLYWELL: Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: No, not yet.
HOLYWELL: It is happening again.
DOCTOR: Yes, drawn here by this playing card.
HOLYWELL: What?
DOCTOR: Valentine's calling in his debts. Quickly, Samuel, I must destroy the card. Won't tear. Samuel, your fire.
HOLYWELL: Alas, Doctor, there is none made. Hannah has vanished. Quickly, Doctor, it's almost here. Look. Look. Do you see them? Great God, Doctor. The phantoms! I can see them.
DOCTOR: Just psychic manifestations of a controlling force. Never mind them, Samuel. Have you a match?
HOLYWELL: Surely.
(Strikes a match. Dialogue partially obscured by sound effect.)
HOLYWELL: Their faces. Do you see their faces? Ghastly pale, their eyes like black coal.
DOCTOR: The missing gentlemen, Samuel, in the flesh. There!
HOLYWELL: It's catching.
(Sound fizzles out.)
DOCTOR: Well, that's the end of that, for now. I don't know about you, but I could murder a cup of tea.

(Voices cry out.)
VALENTINE: What? What is this?
FLOWERS: You're bested, Valentine. Your prey has outwitted you.
VALENTINE: Impossible. Oh, this Doctor intrigues me. A mind such as his would not be merely one more clot of jelly to add to my pyre. Perhaps his could be the final organising intelligence!
FLOWERS: What do you say, villain?
VALENTINE: Silence! I must assess the state of the machines. Prepare them. Bait my trap with honey for the Doctor.

DOCTOR: There, you can just see the remains of the circuitry.
HOLYWELL: And this is how Valentine captures these people?
DOCTOR: Apparently.
HOLYWELL: Doctor, I am at a loss to understand.
DOCTOR: The playing card acts as some kind of beacon.
HOLYWELL: Attracting the spirits?
DOCTOR: They're not spirits, Samuel. They're the collective unconsciousness of the men Valentine kidnapped.
HOLYWELL: I see. Er, no, I do not see.
DOCTOR: Well, Valentine's using their minds to reach out and attack others. The playing card he gives to everyone he gambles with has a kind of beacon inside. It draws those things we saw outside like wasps to a jam-jar. I think each card carries the intended victim's biodata. As soon as they touch the card, the information must be absorbed and downloaded.
HOLYWELL: You mean, by their mere touch they are bound to him?
DOCTOR: Yes. Which is why Valentine always wears gloves.
HOLYWELL: Oh, this runs deeper than we feared, my friend. But Doctor, what of Edmund Carteret, whom we saw attacked out there in the street?
DOCTOR: I suspect his heart gave out through sheer terror, rendering him useless to Valentine's cause.
HOLYWELL: What is his cause, Doctor? What could the fiend be about?
DOCTOR: Well, that's something we have to find out. First though.

HOLYWELL: What have you there? Another playing card? Why, it's the one you prised from the hand of the dead man.
DOCTOR: The same. I just want to try a little experiment. Hold the card, would you, Samuel? Here, take this handkerchief. Now, if I can set up a neutralising wave with this little gadget.
(Low hum.)
HOLYWELL: Oh, ah, it's getting hot, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Just keep hold of it.
HOLYWELL: It's turning blue!
DOCTOR: Yes, I'm erasing Edmund Carteret's bioprint from the circuitry.
(Hum stops.)
DOCTOR: Ah, there we are. Good as new. Now give it back to me, Samuel. Careful, don't touch it without the handkerchief. We must keep this wrapped up. There. Safe and sound inside Wisdens. You never know when it might come in handy.
(Door opens.)
HOLYWELL: Hannah!
HANNAH: Oh, sir, sir.
DOCTOR: Quick, she's fainted.

(Rustling leaves. Whispering. Occasional owl hooting, probably a long eared one.)
JEAKE: So, here is the tiger's lair, eh, Master Turlough?
TURLOUGH: Yes, looks like it.
JEAKE: An ordinary enough house for one who consorts with demons.
TURLOUGH: Well, he's hardly going to advertise it, is he? There's something odd about the atmosphere. Can't you feel it? A charge, like before a thunderstorm.
JEAKE: There, look you. The attic room is aglow.
TURLOUGH: Then that's where we're going. Come on.

HOLYWELL: But where have you been, Hannah? We searched all through the house. Oh, here, drink this.
HANNAH: I was a-hiding, sir. I heard the phantoms coming and was afraid for my very soul.
DOCTOR: Really.
HANNAH: Aye, sir. Do you doubt me?
HOLYWELL: Doctor?
DOCTOR: It's just that your boots tell a different story.
HOLYWELL: What is this?
DOCTOR: Were you really hiding? Or were you very gallantly rescuing me?
HOLYWELL: The horseman?
DOCTOR: Alias Major Billy Lovemore.
HANNAH: Most wanted man in London? Well, you have me there. I forgot about the boots. The one part of demure little Hannah that I've not put back on.
HOLYWELL: What is the meaning of this?
DOCTOR: Samuel, I think we've all rather underestimated your maid.
HOLYWELL: I do not follow.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid all the time we've been worrying about sheltering her from this dangerous business, she's been living a double life.
HOLYWELL: By day my housekeeper.
DOCTOR: And by night marauding the highways, swashing her buckle, and knocking heads together. Domestic violence, you might say.
HOLYWELL: Hannah, what is he saying?
HANNAH: It's true, Doctor Holywell. Every word. I'm the fellow they've all been after, and I've run 'em ragged from Temple Bar to Cripplegate.
HOLYWELL: You have disguised yourself as this footpad? For what purpose?
HANNAH: Because I could. Because all that is expected of my sex is demureness, or silliness, or a life of slavery in the kitchens. But I showed them, showed all those curs like Ned Cotton, who thought they had me just where they wanted me.
DOCTOR: Ahem. Isn't there a little more to it than that? You showed very little surprise when I told you I had a homing device in my pocket. I imagine such things are common on your world, just like the device you used to disguise your voice.
HOLYWELL: On *her* world?
HANNAH: The man we seek is Carthok of Daodalus.

HOLYWELL: What are you saying?
HANNAH: He is the worst of men, a killer, a monster, but that scarcely does justice to the magnitude of his crimes. He is deranged, a black-hearted psychopath, but he is clever. He escaped execution and for years we have scoured the galaxies in search of him. Some time ago, we picked up a faint trace of his bioprint on this planet.
DOCTOR: And you were sent to find him.
HANNAH: No, not sent. I chose to come. I hired a privateer to bring me to Earth.
DOCTOR: Why are you so concerned that he's captured?
HANNAH: Because, Doctor, amongst the dozens he has slaughtered were my mother and father. I swore I would avenge them, and now my chance has finally arrived.
HOLYWELL: Am I to understand that my little Hannah is not merely a highwayman, but a being from another world?
HANNAH: I am sorry to have so misled you, Samuel. When I arrived on Earth, I became Hannah Fry in order to observe discreetly and find my enemy.
DOCTOR: And then you became Lovemore.
HANNAH: Because he could go places no mere woman could on this backwards planet. Oh yes, the Major's been very useful to me.
DOCTOR: Well, now that's all sorted, I suggest we get on. If Valentine's our man, let's beard him in his den.
HOLYWELL: But where is he?
DOCTOR: Hang on a minute. Where's Turlough?

TURLOUGH: Quickly, Jasper.
JEAKE: Nearly (pause) there.
(Glass breaking.)
JEAKE: Ah.
TURLOUGH: Well done. Now, let's get inside.
JEAKE: Oh, I've lost the shape for this activity, my friend.
TURLOUGH: Come on. I want to find out what's going on here, because whatever it is, I've a feeling it's distinctly out of place in the year 1702. What is this place?
JEAKE: Oh, the stench, as of rotted flesh.
TURLOUGH: You may be close to the truth, Jasper. Look at the walls, red, livid, like raw meat.
JEAKE: I must give this fellow Valentine the name of me decorator.
TURLOUGH: Ah, the stairs. Come along, Jasper. Follow me.

TURLOUGH [OC]: Up there, a door. Do you see it?
VALENTINE: Well, my friends, we have visitors, it seems.

JEAKE: Ah, it's like a slaughterhouse in here.
TURLOUGH: Don't think about it, Jasper. Are you armed?
JEAKE: Aye.
TURLOUGH: Here's the door. Ready?
JEAKE: Ready as I'll ever be.
(Door opened.)
JEAKE: Hold, villain. Your machinations are ended.
(Valentine laughs.)
JEAKE: Great God. Look at them. Look at them.
TURLOUGH: What have you done to these men, Valentine?
VALENTINE: Gentlemen, so glad you could come. How kind of you to be here for the end of our little drama. But I think a little audience participation is required, don't you?
JEAKE: Don't stir, maggot. I'm armed.
VALENTINE: Insect!
(Energy weapon. Pistol falls.)
VALENTINE: Away with that primitive weapon.
JEAKE: It's melted! My pistol's melted like lead!
VALENTINE: I have taken precautions to prevent unwanted accidents here in this chamber. It would not do for it to be damaged. It is the very heart of my enterprise.

DRIVER: Whoa, boy.
HANNAH: Are you sure this is the house?
HOLYWELL: I dragged that man Poltrot from his bed. He gave us the address on pain of a kick up the rear.
DOCTOR: This is the house. You see? Up there, in the attic room.
HOLYWELL: It blazes like a light show.
DOCTOR: I have a feeling Valentine is approaching his end game.
HANNAH: What now?
DOCTOR: Samuel, I want you to break in somehow. Try a window round the back.
HOLYWELL: What about you?
DOCTOR: I think boldness is our best bet.
HOLYWELL: You mean you're just going to knock on the front door?
DOCTOR: What a splendid idea.

VALENTINE: There, my boy. You're secured.
JEAKE: What is this contraption you've put about me, Valentine? It cuts into me skin. Ah!
TURLOUGH: Let him go, Valentine.
VALENTINE: Fear not, my friend. Your suffering will be short-lived, and then this gentleman will be processed also.
TURLOUGH: Please don't hurry on my account.
JEAKE: You mean to make me like these others, a mere husk.
VALENTINE: It will probably not come to that. I suspect your intellectual capacity to be rather limited.
TURLOUGH: Oh, and mass slaughter and murder is a sign of high intellect, is it?
VALENTINE: Your brains will burn out before long. Ah, the party is complete. If you will excuse me.
JEAKE: 'Od's my life, Master Turlough, we're done for.
TURLOUGH: We're not dead yet, Jasper. Wait a minute. Isn't that your friend, Flowers?
JEAKE: What? Yonder, yes, yes, it's Flowers. Quincy! Quincy, can you hear me?
FLOWERS: Jeake? Is that you?
JEAKE: Yes. Yes, my friend. We came to rescue you.
FLOWERS: Oh, thank God!
JEAKE: But, er, we didn't do very well.
FLOWERS: Then it is doom, doom for all of us. Valentine is playing his final game.
TURLOUGH: Game? If he thinks this torture chamber is a game, he must be some sort of psychopath.
JEAKE: What's it all for?
FLOWERS: For us, I'm afraid. It is the ultimate game.
TURLOUGH: What do you mean? What's at stake?
FLOWERS: The whole world.

(Knocking on door. Door opened.)
DOCTOR: Hello. I've come to read the meter.
VALENTINE: Doctor. What an entirely expected pleasure.
DOCTOR: Hmm. But you were expecting me a little earlier, weren't you?
VALENTINE: (laughs) Come in, come in, you and your charming friend.
(Door closed.)
DOCTOR: As you can see, Miss Fry here is armed. It would be most unwise of you to try anything.
VALENTINE: The very idea.
DOCTOR: Keep him covered, Hannah.
HANNAH: Yes, Doctor.
(Pistol cocked.)
DOCTOR: That's quite a light show you've got going on upstairs. Must cost a fortune.
VALENTINE: It costs some a fortune.
DOCTOR: Oh, I'm sure. They pay with their reason, with their lives.
VALENTINE: You're very well informed.
DOCTOR: Oh, yes, I know all about you.
VALENTINE: You know nothing about me!
DOCTOR: Really? Carthok of Daodalus.

VALENTINE: It's been a long time since I've heard that name. Oh, if you only knew how long. The endless empty years, waiting, waiting.
DOCTOR: Waiting for what?
VALENTINE: To escape the narrow confines of this world, to split asunder the coffin of my existence and once more tread among the stars.
DOCTOR: That's a very pretty speech.
VALENTINE: My home is many light years from this little blue world, but I've blended in rather well, don't you think? Who would know that Sir Nikolas Valentine, who has the ear of the Crowned Heads of Europe, was once Carthok, slaughterer of the unworthy.
HANNAH: I would.
VALENTINE: What say you, girl?
HANNAH: Slaughterer of the unworthy.
VALENTINE: How come you to know me?
HANNAH: I came here to find you, monster, and to put an end to your wretched life.
(Valentine laughs.)
HANNAH: I am armed.
VALENTINE: So you are, my dear. Tell me, is this a personal mission, or is it my reputation you envy?
HANNAH: You murdered my parents, you unspeakable fiend.
VALENTINE: Did I? Did I? How remiss of me. I suppose a formal apology wouldn't do any good?
DOCTOR: All right, Valentine, show me your ship. It's time I put an end to your amusements.
HANNAH: Move.

TURLOUGH: I think the rope's loosening, Jasper.
JEAKE: Ah, this device cuts into me head like cheesewire.
TURLOUGH: Then keep still and look to your friend Flowers.
JEAKE: He don't look so hot.
TURLOUGH: Keep him talking.
JEAKE: Flowers! Flowers, you rogue. Are you still will us?
FLOWERS: I'm done for, my friend.
JEAKE: Never. Just think of getting a crack at that blackguard Valentine.
TURLOUGH: Yes, you'll soon sort him out.
FLOWER: Shh. He comes.
(Door opens.)
TURLOUGH: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Don't worry, Turlough. Everything's going to be all right.
TURLOUGH: Ever the optimist.
VALENTINE: I found this planet a squalid, muddy hole.
DOCTOR: But you stayed.
VALENTINE: I had no choice. My ship was almost destroyed in my haste to escape. As you can see, it is biomechanical. I knew it would take time to regenerate its fabric.
JEAKE: Great God, Doctor. Free us. Free us from this chamber of the damned.
TURLOUGH: Yes, would that be too much to ask?
DOCTOR: Hannah, would you mind?
HANNAH: Of course, Doctor.
TURLOUGH: Thank you, Hannah. And how precisely have you been regenerating the fabric of your ship, Valentine?
DOCTOR: Like the cells of a gigantic brain.
VALENTINE: Precisely. I kept my ship alive, repairing itself little by little.
DOCTOR: And emerging occasionally every thirty years?
VALENTINE: Always I was able to inveigle my way into society, to make the contacts I needed to find the, the stimulus my ship requires.
DOCTOR: Stimulus? Oh, I see.
JEAKE: It's disgusting.
VALENTINE: The liveliest, keenest minds available. Through my gaming, I found it easy to procure the men I needed. Those whose minds could withstand the strain involved in bringing my ship back from the grave!
HANNAH: But the game is over, Valentine. Shut down the systems. I will make you pay for the innocents you've slaughtered on our world, and those whose poor lives are extinguished here,

they shall have their revenge. I am taking you back to Daoladus.
VALENTINE: (long evil laugh) You think I will follow *you*, meek as a lamb, after all these years of waiting?
DOCTOR: You have no choice.
VALENTINE: Ah, but I do, Doctor.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, look out! He's got this place rigged for self-defence.
(Energy weapon, Hannah cries out.)
VALENTINE: Back! Back, all of you.
DOCTOR: Hannah, are you all right?
(Hannah is gasping.)
VALENTINE: My ship will depart, Doctor, and destroy this festering city in the process.
DOCTOR: There's no need for that.
VALENTINE: Isn't there? Deep within these living walls are the bones of the many who have aided me throughout the years. They stand as a marker to the wasted hours of my once glorious existence. I have given everything to see my ship fly again, and use it to rain down terror on my enemies.
DOCTOR: I can't let you do that.
VALENTINE: This time I hold all the aces, Doctor. I have watched this cess pool they call London grow around my ship. I shall take pleasure in seeing its destruction. I need but one more boost for my ship to be fully operational. One more mind.
DOCTOR: Oh, no.
VALENTINE: I favoured you, naturally, my dear Doctor, but I think it would have a certain piquancy if the young lady were to act as a substitute.
DOCTOR: You've no quarrel with her, Valentine. Take me!
VALENTINE: The hunter becomes the hunted. I like that. You two, put her in the machine.
TURLOUGH: Do it yourself. You're the one with the taste for torture.
VALENTINE: I advise you to do as I say, or the next blast will take your prattling head clean off those boyish shoulders.
DOCTOR: Er, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: Well, since he puts it like that.

HOLYWELL: Ah, voices. Valentine has the Doctor. Oh, I must be swift and silent.

(Hannah cries out.)
TURLOUGH: I'm sorry, Hannah. Don't worry
VALENTINE: Cease your chattering, boy.
DOCTOR: Connections completed.
VALENTINE: Splendid. Now, girl, give up your mind to me. Breathe life into my starship. My harvest is complete.
DOCTOR: Don't listen to him, Hannah. You must fight him! Fight him!
HANNAH: Doctor, I cannot bear this pain.
DOCTOR: Fight him, Hannah. Think what he did to your family, your people. You came here to find him. You must defeat him.
VALENTINE: Beginning final sequence.
DOCTOR: Valentine, this is senseless!
VALENTINE: She will submit, Doctor. I will possess her mind. She will sound the clarion call of my revenge.
(Hannah screams. The door opens as energy builds up.)
HOLYWELL: No! Get away from her, you cur!
VALENTINE: (laughs) You're too late. The game is over.
DOCTOR: No, not quite.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, we have to get her out of there.
DOCTOR: I know. There's something I have that will give you unimaginable power.
(Valentine laughs.)
DOCTOR: I offer it in exchange for the girl's life.
VALENTINE: Oh no, I have no time for trickery.
DOCTOR: Turlough, you must get the Wisdens away from here.
TURLOUGH: What?
DOCTOR: The Wisdens. At least get that away from here. Destroy the Wisden's Almanack. Its power is incalculable.

VALENTINE: What gabbling is this? Have you lost your reason, Doctor?
TURLOUGH: The Wisdens? What do you mean?
HOLYWELL: Ah, I think I know. Hang on, Doctor.
(Energy weapon.)
VALENTINE: Get back. Now, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes?
VALENTINE: Please, this object to which you speak.
DOCTOR: I told you. In exchange for the girl's life. Now let her go.
VALENTINE: You think to defy me? I shall have the coat from your back!
(Brief struggle.)
VALENTINE: What relics are these? A red ball, string. Where is this power of which you boast? Ah.
DOCTOR: No, put it down, I implore you.
VALENTINE: (turns pages) Wisden's Almanack? Why, it's a mere book. How could you hope to fool me with. What's this? The card! It is Carteret's playing card.
DOCTOR: Yes. And you've touched it, Valentine. You've touched it with your bare hands.
(Beeping.)
DOCTOR: Now it's downloading your biodata.
VALENTINE: What is that to me? Prepare for departure!
DOCTOR: It means a great deal to you, Valentine. You've made yourself vulnerable at last.
VALENTINE: (laughs) Ha! Vulnerable? Vulnerable to what? To these lifeless husks? Their work is done.
DOCTOR: I don't think so. Turlough, get Flowers and Hannah out of there.
VALENTINE: You would not dare defy me.
TURLOUGH: Come on, Hannah.
HANNAH: No, leave me. These poor wretches have not the strength.
TURLOUGH: Don't be stupid. You must
DOCTOR: No, Hannah. I can't allow this.
HANNAH: Please, this is not your problem. I came here seeking vengeance, and I shall have it at last.
DOCTOR: No, wait.
HANNAH: Listen to me, all of you. All of you who've laboured here for Valentine. You have his, his biodata. Just like the others, pursue him. Seek him out.
HOLYWELL: What is she doing?
TURLOUGH: Turning his own torture chamber against him.
HANNAH: Feel his being in your minds. Feel it.
VALENTINE: No!
HANNAH: Revenge yourselves upon him, the architect of your pain.
VALENTINE: No! No!
TURLOUGH: Doctor, we've got to do something.
DOCTOR: Hannah!
HANNAH: Now, attack! Attack Valentine! Let your energy flow through him!
VALENTINE: No!
(The noise fills the room.)
JEAKE: What is happening to him?
FLOWERS: His skin. Look at his skin!
HOLYWELL: It's horrible.
DOCTOR: Quickly, Turlough. Get her out of that thing.
TURLOUGH: Hannah. (electric sizzle) I can't. The whole thing's burning with raw energy. Hannah!
(Hannah screams.)
TURLOUGH: Doctor!
DOCTOR: I'm afraid she's gone. The (unintelligible) was too much for her.
HOLYWELL: Oh, Hannah.
JEAKE: Is it finished, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Far from it. It's too late to help these others, but I must stop this ship from leaving. You go.
JEAKE: We can't leave without you.
DOCTOR: Go!
FLOWERS: Come, my friends. Let's away from this hell hole.

TURLOUGH: I'm not leaving, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What?
TURLOUGH: Well, it wouldn't be cricket, would it?
DOCTOR: Oh, all right. All right. Make yourself useful. Help me to key in an overload sequence.

(Running.)
FLOWERS: What of that Doctor fellow?
HOLYWELL: Yes, we must wait for him.
JEAKE: And Master Turlough.
HOLYWELL: Wait, here they are!
DOCTOR: Get down! Down!
TURLOUGH: Get down!
(KaBOOM! Fireworks sounds.)

(Street sellers cries.)
HOLYWELL: Oh, my poor Hannah.
DOCTOR: Yes, I should have been able to save her.
TURLOUGH: She knew what she was up against, Doctor. She was on a mission.
DOCTOR: And it was successful. Carthok of Daodalus is no more.
FLOWERS: And London is safe, Doctor, thanks to you.
JEAKE: Well, well, quite an adventure, Doctor. Where next for you and Master Turlough?
TURLOUGH: Ah, well, that's just the point, you see. We never can tell.
FLOWERS: How awful for you.
TURLOUGH: Not really. It's half the fun.
DOCTOR: And what of you, gentlemen?
JEAKE: Well, we would be honoured to enrol Doctor Holywell here in the Diabola Club.
TURLOUGH: I have to admit, I did put in a good word for you, Doctor Holywell.
JEAKE: What say you, Samuel?
HOLYWELL: Well, I er
DOCTOR: If I were you, I'd stick to snap in the future.